

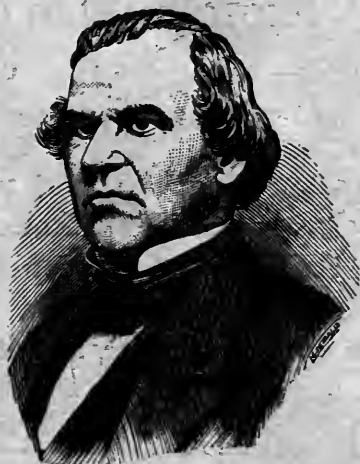
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CAMPAIGN SONGSTER



PHILADELPHIA:
A. WINCH, 505 CHESTNUT STREET.

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CONTENTS.

| | PAGE. |
|---|-------|
| On the Chicago Surrender..... | 7 |
| Campaign Song..... | 9 |
| Little Mac..... | 10 |
| Abraham, our Abraham..... | 11 |
| The Chicago Convention..... | 12 |
| Bully for Him !..... | 13 |
| Campaign Song..... | 15 |
| Liberty..... | 17 |
| Next November..... | 18 |
| Old Abraham, the True..... | 19 |
| In Praise of Abraham..... | 20 |
| The Right Stripe Men..... | 22 |
| A Nation's Gratitude..... | 23 |
| Union and Liberty..... | 24 |
| Keep Step with the Music of Union..... | 25 |
| The "Copperhead"..... | 27 |
| Abram's Band..... | 28 |
| Lincoln and Johnson Song..... | 30 |
| Abram am de Man for me..... | 31 |
| Ye Men of '60..... | 32 |
| That's True..... | 33 |
| Advance, Boys, Advance !..... | 35 |
| De Union's de Best Road to Trabbel..... | 36 |
| Come, Rouse Ye, Freeman !..... | 38 |

| | PAGE. |
|--|-------|
| Come, Gather Round..... | 39 |
| Campaign Hallelujah..... | 41 |
| We'll Stand by the Union for ever..... | 42 |
| To Vict'ry March we on..... | 43 |
| Ain't I Glad?..... | 44 |
| Hurrah, Hurrah; Hurrah!..... | 46 |
| Our Candidate..... | 47 |
| Come, Freemen, Arouse!..... | 48 |
| Honest Abe Lincoln..... | 49 |
| Wake up, Freemen..... | 51 |
| Who'll not Vote for Abram Now?..... | 52 |
| When Election Day is over..... | 53 |

THE

UNION PARTY PLATFORM.

1. *Resolved*, That it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain against all their enemies the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and that laying aside all differences and political opinions, we pledge ourselves, as Union men, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do every thing in our power to aid the government in quelling by force of arms the rebellion now raging against its authority, and in bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the rebels and traitors arrayed against it.

2. *Resolved*, That we approve the determination of the government of the United States not to compromise with rebels or to offer any terms of peace, except such as may be based upon an "unconditional surrender" of their hostility and a return to their just allegiance to the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that we call upon the government to maintain this position and to prosecute the war with the utmost possible vigor to the complete suppression of the rebellion, in full reliance upon the self-sacrifice, the patriotism, the heroic valor and the enduring devotion of the American people to their country and its free institutions.

3. *Resolved*, That as slavery was the cause and now constitutes the strength of this rebellion, and as it must be always and everywhere hostile to the principles of republican government, justice and the national safety demand its utter and complete extirpation from the soil of the republic; and that we uphold and maintain the acts and proclamations by which the government, in its own defence, has aimed a death blow at this gigantic evil. We are in favor, furthermore, of such an amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the people in conformity with its provisions, as shall terminate and forever prohibit the existence of slavery within the limits or the jurisdiction of the United States.

4. *Resolved*, That the thanks of the American people are due to the soldiers and sailors of the army and navy who have perilled their lives in defence of their country and in vindication of the honor of the flag; that the nation owes to them some permanent recognition of their patriotism and their valor, and ample and permanent provision for those of their survivors who have received disabling and honorable wounds in the service of the country; and that the memories of those

who have fallen in its defence shall be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance.

5. *Resolved*, That we approve and applaud the practical wisdom, the unselfish patriotism and unswerving fidelity to the Constitution and the principles of American liberty with which Abraham Lincoln has discharged, under circumstances of unparalleled difficulty, the great duties and responsibilities of the Presidential office; that we approve and endorse, as demanded by the emergency and essential to the preservation of the nation, and as within the Constitution, the measures and acts which he has adopted to defend the nation against its open and secret foes; that we approve especially the proclamation of emancipation and the employment as Union soldiers of men heretofore held in slavery, and that we have full confidence in his determination to carry these and all other constitutional measures essential to the salvation of the country into full and complete effect.

6. *Resolved*, That we deem it essential to the general welfare that harmony should prevail in the national councils, and we regard as worthy of public confidence and official trust those only who cordially endorse the principles proclaimed in these resolutions, and which should characterize the administration of the government.

7. *Resolved*, That the government owes to all men employed in its armies, without regard to distinction of color, the full protection of the laws of war, and that any violation of these laws or of the usages of civilized nations in the time of war by the rebels now in arms should be made the subject of full and prompt redress.

8. *Resolved*, That the foreign immigration which in the past has added so much to the wealth and development of resources and increase of power to this nation—the asylum of the oppressed of all nations—should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

9. *Resolved*, That we are in favor of the speedy construction of the railroad to the Pacific.

10. *Resolved*, That the national faith pledged for the redemption of the public debt must be kept inviolate, and that for this purpose we recommend economy and rigid responsibility in the public expenditures and a vigorous and just system of taxation; that it is the duty of every loyal State to sustain the credit and promote the use of the national currency.

11. *Resolved*, That we approve the position taken by the government that the people of the United States can never regard with indifference the attempt of any European Power to overthrow by force or to supplant by fraud the institutions of any republican government on the Western Continent, and that they will view with extreme jealousy, as menacing to the peace and independence of this our country, the effort of any such Power to obtain new footholds for monarchical governments sustained by a foreign military force in near proximity to the United States.

THE

UNION

CAMPAIGN SONGSTER.

ON THE CHICAGO SURRENDER.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

What! hoist the white flag when our triumph is nigh?
What! crouch before Treason? make Freedom a lie?
What! spike all our guns when the foe is at bay
And the rags of his black banner dropping away?
Tear down the strong name that our nation has won,
And strike her brave bird from his home in the sun?

He's a coward who shrinks from the lift of the sword;
He's a traitor who mocks at the sacrifice poured;
Nameless and homeless the doom that should blast
The knave who stands idly till peril is past:
But he who submits when the thunders have burst
And victory dawns, is of cowards the worst.

Is the old spirit dead? Are we broken and weak,
That cravens so shamelessly lift the white cheek,
To court the swift insult, nor blush at the blow,
The tools of the Treason and friends of the foe?
See! Anarchy smiles at the Peace which they ask,
And the eyes of Disunion flash out through the mask!

Give thanks, ye brave boys, who by vale and by crag
Bear onward, unfaltering, our noble old flag,
Strong arms of the Union, heroes living and dead,
For the blood of your valor is uselessly shed!
No soldier's green laurel is promised you here,
But the white rag of "*sympathy*" softly shall cheer!

And you, ye war martyrs, who preach from your graves
How captives are nursed by the masters of slaves,
Or, living, still linger in shadows of Death,—
Puff out the starved muscles, recall the faint breath,
And shout, till those cowards rejoice at the cry,
"By the hands of the Union we fought for we die!"

By the God of our fathers! this shame we must share,
But it grows too debasing for freemen to bear,
And Washington, Jackson, will turn in their graves
When the Union shall rest on two races of slaves,
Or, spurning the spirit which bound it of yore,
And, sundered, exist as a nation no more!

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR—*Gay and Happy.*

Freemen with us join the chorus,
And loudly make the welkin ring;
Again we hoist our campaign banner,
And for Abram Lincoln sing.

On as we're marching, shout with a will
We've a duty to fulfil,
For Father Abram, Father Abram,
We're for Father Abram still.

With wisdom and with resolution,
At the head of our affairs,
To maintain our institutions,
He has labor'd near four years.
On as we're marching, &c.

Let us drown all party feeling,
And for the "Many in one" unite;
Soon we'll set our foes all reeling,
Leaving victory with the right.
On as we're marching, &c.

"No compromise with traitors," vow we,
Throughout fair freedom's wide domain,
Nor to Europe's despots bow we,
But our Union we'll sustain.
On as we're marching, &c.

Rally, freeman, round our banner,
Shout for Lincoln, he's our choice;
Shout, in our old-fashioned manner,
Till we've united every voice.
On as we're marching, &c.

LITTLE MAC.

AIR.—*Nelly Bly.*

Little Mac, Little Mac, I pity your poor self,
But next November, Bub, I think you'll be laid upon
the shelf;
You've gone and join'd the Copperheads, a very
peaceful crew,
That's when they're stretched out in the grass, and
nothing wrong to do.
O Mac, O Mac, I think I see you now
Up Salt river on your way, in a leaky scow.

Little Mac, Little Mac, you are rather young,
An older and a wiser man should rule in Washington;
There's Honest Abe, our present chief, you know we
have him tried;
Experience some, you'll own, my boy, he has upon his
side.
O Mac, O Mac, &c.

Little Mac, Little Mac, your party cries out peace,
But when rebellion has been crushed, then all war
shall cease;
Then, my boy, and not till then, so drop that foolish
whim,
Old Uncle Abe, all Union men are bound to vote for
him.
O Mac, O Mac, &c.

Copperheads, Copperheads, you've too much sympathy

For the Traitors of the South,—foes to Liberty,
Peace dishonorable is yours, the fact is here reveal'd;
Prepare ye for next 'lection day, your doom already's
seal'd.

O Mac, O Mac, &c.

ABRAHAM, OUR ABRAHAM.

AIR—Maryland, my Maryland.

We'll choose again for President,
Abraham, our Abraham;
'Pon that we Union men are bent,
Abraham, our Abraham.

Our ship will ride safe in his hands.
For he the helm understands,
And public sentiment demands
Abraham, our Abraham.

For him we're gathering now in strength,
Abraham, our Abraham;
Throughout our Union's breadth and length,
Abraham, our Abraham.
For him our votes we mean to cast,
For him we'll battle to the last,
For him our flag's nail'd to the mast,
Abraham, our Abraham.

As chief, Columbia greets him now,
Abraham, our Abraham;
For honor marks his pallid brow,
Abraham, our Abraham.
Retain him too, friends, we will there,
In that same Presidential chair,
Which freemen bid him guard with care,
Abraham, our Abraham.

To save our Union is his aim,
Abraham, our Abraham,
And crush this vile rebellious game,
Abraham, our Abraham.
Be up and doing, one and all,
Respond at once to Freedom's call,
And Victory 'pon our side will fall,
For Abraham, our Abraham.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

AIR.—*The Little Tailor Boy.*

In the town of Chicago,
Met the Copperhead clan,
They haw, haw, haw'd, and jaw, jaw, jaw'd,
Before they pick'd out their man.
Before they pick'd out their man,
Before they pick'd out their man,
They haw, haw, haw'd, and jaw, jaw, jaw'd,
Before they pick'd out a man.

New York Seymour led,
 This great peace-making sham,
 The Woods their aid gave, so 'tis said,
 On the side of Vallandigham.
 On the side of, &c.

Though a meeting of *Peace* it was,
 A noisy set were they,
 Folks thought that Bedlam was let loose,
 Or the Rebs had come that way.
 Or the Rebs, &c.

At last they hit upon one
 Whom they thought they best could rule,
 So they put Little Mac upon the track,
 As chief of the Copperhead school.
 As chief, &c.

But November 'll tell the tale,
 Their votes will all be vain,
 The Union men, old Abe will then
 As President retain.
 As President, &c.

BULLY FOR HIM.

AIR—*Bully For All.*

Huzza for Father Abraham,
 Bully for him, bully for him.
 He's chief cook for Uncle Sam,
 Bully for him, for him.

B

With him our Uncle's satisfied,
Bully for him, bully for him.

And asks no better as a guide,
Bully for him, for him.

Fiddle it, whistle it, sing our song,
Bully for him, bully for him,

Join in the chorus and help it along,
Bully for him, for him.

'Midst all our troubles he has stood,
Bully for him, bully for him.

And work'd but for his country's good,
Bully for him, for him.

His honesty 'll retain him there,
Bully for that, bully for that.

For four years more, in that same chair,
Bully for him, for him.

Fiddle it, whistle it, &c.

Throw up your hats, and let us shout,
Bully for him, bully for him.

And let our foes know we're about,
Bully for us, for us.

To praise Old Abe is our delight,
Bully for him, bully for him.

For he is on the side of right,
Bully for him, for him.

Fiddle it, whistle it, &c.

There's Loyal ANDY JOHNSON, too,
Bully for him, bully for him.

A *spunky* boy is he, and true,
Bully for him, for him.

For old Secesh he proved too smart,
 Bully for him, bully for him.
 He wouldn't ride in their old cart,
 Bully for him, for him.
 Fiddle it, whistle it, &c.

Now for Uncle Abe and Andy J.,
 Bully for them, bully for them,
 Let's roll the ball, and clear the way,
 Bully for them, for them.
 Old issues now we'll cast aside,
 Bully for that, bully for that.
 Our Union is the "Nag" we ride,
 Bully for that, for that.
 Fiddle it, whistle it, &c.

CAMPAIGN SONG.

AIR.—*Old Zip Coon.*

Everybody, 'tention now, to what I'se gwine to say,
 Everybody, 'tention now, to what I'se gwine to say,
 Everybody, 'tention now, to what I'se gwine to say,
 And vote for Uncle Abram on next election day.
 He will sabe de Union, and fotch de rebels to,
 He will sabe de Union, and fotch de rebels to,
 He will sabe de Union, and fotch de rebels to,
 I'll bet you all my greenbacks, what I say am true.
 Tidle taddle, tidle tadle, tuadellel dump.
 Oh, tuadellel, tuadellel dump.
 Oh, tuadellel, tuadellel dump,
 Ri tum tuadellel, tuadellel dee.

For Gin'ral George McClellan, de Copperheads dey
shout,

For Gin'ral, &c.

For Gin'ral, &c.

But he can't shine for President, while Uncle Abe am
'bout.

In de city ob Chicago dey met de odder day,

In de city, &c.

In de city, &c.

Peace seem'd to be deir hobby, but like donkies dey
did bray.

Tudle taddle, &c.

Dar's no use ob talkin' peace, until secesh am floor'd,

Dar's no use, &c.

Dar's no use, &c.

And Uncle Sam's authority, all ober am restored ;

For wicked folks 'tis said, dare am no peace at all,

For wicked folks, &c.

For wicked folks, &c.

Beware den, all ye Copperheads, your chances dey am
small.

Tudle taddle, &c.

If I had a thousand greenbacks, I'd bet 'em, every
cent,

If I had, &c.

If I had, &c.

Dat Uncle Abram Lincoln will be next President ;

Stand back, Little Mac, now, stand back, Woolly Horse,

Stand back, &c.

Stand back, &c.

Kase Honest Abe's a comin', de swiftest on de course.

Tudle taddle, &c.

LIBERTY.

Land of my fathers—Freedom's field !

Thy sacred rights shall be maintained ;

Columbia's sons will never yield,

Or see thy spotless honor stained.

For He who gave us life, gave thee,

Our country's pride—sweet LIBERTY.

With joy each freeman hears the sound

That calls—To arms, to arms, ye brave !

The servile heart will not be found,

That would not bleed, our rights to save.

For He who gave, &c.

The cannon's music charms the ear,

When freemen do for freedom fight.

Prepare, Columbia's sons, prepare !

We'll die before we yield our right.

For He who gave, &c.

Father above, in thee we trust—

A band of brothers look to thee :

We own thy power, but know thee just,

And trust that Nature made us free.

For He who gave, &c.

Martyrs to Freedom, view each heart ;

We'll die, or save those rights you've given.

With these just rights we will not part,

Unless it be to meet in heaven.

For He who gave, &c.

B*

NEXT NOVEMBER.

AIR—*Shouldn't Wonder.*

Friends of the Union, don't forget,
 Next November, next November,
 'Pon honest Abe your minds have set,
 Next November, next November.
 Show Copperheads, and all their kin,
 Next November, next November,
 For four years more we'll vote Abe in,
 Next November, next November.

He's now our chief, and 'gain will be,
 Next November, next November,
 With a bran-new VICE, from Tennessee,
 Next November, next November;
 Andy Johnson, that's the man,
 Next November, next November.
 He seconds Abe in the Union van,
 Next November, next November.

Oh, Copperheads! your doom is sealed,
 Next November, next November;
 You'll be forced to leave the field,
 Next November, next November.
 I kinder think you'll be played out,
 Next November, next November,
 And all your duds gone up the spout,
 Next November, next November.

Your platforms, too, will go to smash,
 Next November, next November;
 For they're built of nothing else but trash,
 Rotten timber, rotten timber.
 The Union's ours, you will find,
 Next November, next November.
 'Tis built with timber—strongest kind—
 Next November, next November.
 Come, join us, freemen, one and all,
 Next November, next November;
 And help to roll the Union ball,
 Next November, next November.
 We'll fill the boxes 'pon that day,
 Next November, next November,
 For Uncle Abe and Andy J.,
 Next November, next November.

OLD ABRAHAM, THE TRUE.

AIR—*Rosin the Bow.*

The people are rising again, o'er the land,
 And resolving, as brethren should do,
 To bury dissensions, and join hand in hand,
 In the cause of old Abram, the true.
 In the cause of old Abram, the true,
 In the cause of old Abram, the true;
 To bury dissensions, and join hand in hand,
 In the cause of old Abram, the true.

The voice of their country now calls them,
And they, as patriots faithful and true,
Can never refuse her commands to obey,
In the cause of old Abram, the true.
In the cause, &c.

Should I name all the States that are for us,
'Twould take me some time to get through;
Then rejoice in the prospect before us,
And huzza for old Abram, the true!
And huzza, &c.

Then rally, brave boys, with your banners on high,
And the motto unfolded to view—
“For our country to conquer, or in battle to die,”
By our chieftain, old Abram the true.
By our chieftain, &c.

IN PRAISE OF ABRAHAM.

AIR.—*When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*

Come out, come out, ye Union men,
Hurrah, hurrah,
Gird on your armor once again,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Possession of the White House floor,
We'll give to Abe for four years more.
Then we'll all feel gay,
And shout for Abraham.

Say this of Uncle Abe we can,
Hurrah, hurrah,
"Well done, thou good and faithful man,"
Hurrah, hurrah!
And, honest chief, he's proved and true,
And does the best that man can do.
So we'll tune our lay
In praise of Abraham.

We'll not be bound by party ties,
Hurrah, hurrah,
For open we have now our eyes,
Hurrah, hurrah!
A pilot of experience great,
We want to guide our ship of State.
So we'll tune, &c.

No C. S. A. will we permit,
Hurrah, hurrah,
For U. S. holds a claim 'pon it,
Hurrah, hurrah!
By force of arms we'll put it down,
And on Rebellion ever frown.
So we'll tune, &c.

The Union is our watchword, now,
Hurrah, hurrah,
To stand by it, we've made a vow,
Hurrah, hurrah!
Lincoln and Johnson now's our choice,
In them as leaders we rejoice.
So we'll tune our lay
For our Union Candidates.

THE RIGHT STRIPE MEN.

AIR.—Battle Cry of Freedom.

Come all who love our Union, now listen to my song,
For we've the right stripe men to lead us;
Hang out your loyal banners, and mingle in the throng,
For we've the right stripe men to lead us.
For Lincoln and Johnson hurrah, boys, hurrah,
Down with all traitors, up with the stars;
We'll rally for the Union, we'll rally for our
flag,
We'll rally for our friends, Abe and Andy.

Freedom is our object, Freedom is our cry,
With the right stripe men to lead us;
The Union's bound to live, and Slavery's bound to
die,
For we've the right stripe men to lead us.
For Lincoln and Johnson, &c.

We are the Union party, and by it we will stand,
With the right stripe men to lead us;
We are the Union party, marching hand in hand,
With the right stripe men to lead us.
For Lincoln and Johnson, &c.

ABE understands the ropes, so we'll give him hold anew,
For he's the right stripe man to lead us;
Whilst he has got his hand in, we want him see us
through,
For he's the right stripe man to lead us.
For Lincoln and Johnson, &c.

We'll not recognize Secession, I'll bet you, boys, on
that,

Whilst we've the right stripe men to lead us ;
But we'll battle for the Union, and give 'em-tit-for-tat,
For we've the right stripe men to lead us.
For Lincoln and Johnson, &c.

A NATION'S GRATITUDE.

AIR.—*The Soldier's Gratitude.*

'Tis fair to see yon banner bright,
Unfurling to the breeze,
'Tis joy to hear that shout arise,
A nation's voice it breathes.
And see upon that sunlit flag,
With glorious mottoes strewed,
The patriot name which justly claims
A Nation's gratitude!

The stainless crest of Honest Abe
Its waving canvass bears,
We proudly nail it to the mast,
And cry "gainsay who dares!"
Breathes there a man who bears a heart,
With patriotic fire imbued,
But yields our chief his well earn'd meed,
A Nation's gratitude!

UNION AND LIBERTY.

AIR.—Bruce's Address.

Freemen! hear your country's call,
Come, and help us roll the ball,
Let each voice be heard by all
The foes of Liberty.
Now's the day and now's the hour,
To crush the foes who seek for power,
Treason's banner we must lower,
Hope of Slavery.

Who would wish to be a slave,
Who would not his country save,
Who a monarch soon would have,
Let him turn and flee.
Who Columbia's glory love,
Who for Freedom, freemen prove,
Onward, to the battle move,
Let us all be free.

By our suffering bleeding land,
By the soul that moves the hand,
We will fall, or conquerors stand,
Conquerors firm and free.
Let Abram Lincoln lead the van,
To carry out the glorious plan,
Approved by every honest man,
Union and Liberty.

KEEP STEP WITH THE MUSIC OF UNION.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Keep step with the music of Union,
The music our ancestors sung
When States, like a jubilant chorus,
To beautiful sisterhood sprung;
O, thus shall their great Constitution
That guards all the homes of the land,
A mountain of freedom and justice
For millions eternally stand.

North and South, East and West, all unfurling

One banner alone o'er the sod,
One voice from America swelling
In worship of Liberty's God!

Keep step with the music of Union!
What grandeur its flag has unrolled,
For the Loyal a star-lighted Heaven,
For Traitors a storm in each fold.
The glorious Shade of Mount Vernon
Still points to each patriot grave,
Still cries "O'er the long coming ages
That Banner of Bunker Hill wave!"
North and South, &c.

Keep step with the music of Union!
The forests have sunk at its sound,
The pioneer's brow been with triumph
And Labor's broad opulence crowned;

O, yet shall all giant rude forces
 Of Nature be chained to our cars ;
 All States that have madly seceded
 Return to the Stripes and the Stars.
 North and South, &c.

Keep step with the music of Union !
 'Tis thus we shall cherish the light
 Our fathers lit for the chained Nations
 That darkle in Tyranny's night.
 The blood of the whole world is with us,
 O'er ocean by Tyranny hurled,
 And they who would dare to attack us
 Shall sink with the wrath of a world.
 North and South, &c.

"Keep step with the music of Union !"
 America's *true* women cry ;
 They feel 'tis the sweetest commandment
 God ever glowed down from His sky.
 O, still by home's altars they sing it,
 Our mothers and daughters divine,
 And still lead their sons and their fathers
 To Union's blest *National* shrine.
 North and South, &c.

"Keep step with the music of Union ?"
 So Lincoln, the glorious, cries,
 The flames of the patriot flashing
 Like lightning from Heaven with his eyes.
 Red wrath on all Copperhead villains
 Who dare trail their blasphemous slime
 On Loyalty's thrice-sacred flowers
 That Washington sowed in our clime.
 North and South, &c.

Keep step with the music of Union !
All traitors shall sink at the sound,
But patriots march on to Heaven,
With soul-saving harmony crowned.
Then cheer for the Past with its glory ;
For the resolute Present hurrah ;
And shout for the starry-browed Future
With Virtue, and Freedom, and Law.
North and South, &c.

THE "COPPERHEAD."

What is to fear from the Copperhead
That starts and shrinks from a patriot's tread ;
That squirms and wriggles in corners mean,
To vent the gall of his timid spleen ?

What is to fear from the Copperhead,
That hears his own hiss with secret dread ;
That would, but dare not ; that hates, but fears ;
And ends his fury in feeble sneers ?

What is to fear from the Copperhead,
Bursting with venom he dare not shed,
And scorned by his brother Rattlesnake
That boldly strikes from the Southern brake ?

What shall we do with the Copperhead ?
Seed of the woman, the word is said :
Bruise his head, or your naked heel
Shall ache for the silly trust ye feel.

What shall we do with the Copperhead ?
Stamp out the reptile's loathsome bed !
Trample to powder his poisoned fang !
And then, as a sign, let his carcase hang !

Strike, strike at the traitor Copperhead !
Beat up the land till the thing is dead !
Women with distaffs and boys with stones
Are stout enough for the heart he owns !

Who then shall pity the Copperhead,
When life from his lying lips has fled,
If not the Father of Lies in hell,
For he served that household passing well !

No one shall grieve for the Copperhead !
His Southern lord, when he finds him sped,
Shall spit in his white and viscid blood,
And swear he died as a coward should !

ABRAM'S BAND.

AIR.—*Gideon's Band.*

Wheel into line, all Union men,
Wheel into line, all Union men,
Wheel into line, all Union men,
The 'lection's coming on again,
And we belong to Abram's band,
So join you in, and lend a hand,
There's bully boys in Abram's band,
Won't you come and join ?

For Father Abe and Andy J.,
For Father Abe and Andy J.,
For Father Abe and Andy J.,
We'll cast our votes on 'lection day,
'Cause we belong, &c.

They have by their country stood,
They have by their country stood,
They have by their country stood,
And stand by them the country should,
'Cause we belong, &c.

Now we despise the Copperhead,
Now we despise the Copperhead,
Now we despise the Copperhead,
Its sting is poison, that we dread,
For we belong, &c.

With traitors we'll not compromise,
With traitors we'll not compromise,
With traitors we'll not compromise,
'Cause we have open, now, our eyes,
And of course belong, &c.

The Fremont crippled Wooly Horse,
The Fremont crippled Wooly Horse,
The Fremont crippled Wooly Horse,
Will prove too slow for our new course,
'Cause he don't belong, &c.

Now rally, rally, Union men,
Now rally, rally, Union men,
Now rally, rally, Union men,
And make old Abe our chief again,
For we belong, &c.

LINCOLN AND JOHNSON SONG.

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AIR.—*Lang Syne.*

All honor to the patriot band
Who in fair Freedom's name
Arise to free our chartered land
From Tyranny's vile chain.
From every hill and plain is heard
The war cry of the free,
As to the breeze the flag's unfurl'd
That leads to victory.

Our brave forefathers fought and bled,
Pour'd out their blood like rain,
That we in Freedom's path might tread,
Their legacy maintain.
Oh! may the sons of honor'd sires
Guard well the sacred boon,
Long may the light from Freedom's fires
Our glorious land illumine!

Though tyrants would despoil the land
Where Freedom's martyrs bled,
And treason seek with fire brand
To rear its hydra-head.
But soon the hand of Justice stern,
Grasping the sword of Might,
Shall from their thrones the despots spurn,
Who Freedom's soil would blight.

Then onward march, like heroes brave,
And boldly dare the fight ;
Go forth to conquer and to save,
For Justice, Truth, and Right.
Your gleaming standard proudly wave
O'er hill-top, vale and sea,
With Lincoln bold, and Johnson brave,
Onward to victory.

ABRAM AM DE MAN FOR ME.

AIR.—*Sally is the Gal.*

O, I'm a darkey sojer man,
But hab no vote, d'ye see,
Yet I am free to speak my mind,
"Uncle Abe am de man for me."
O white folks, list to me,
I'm glad dat I am free,
I'll drink dis toast from de old canteen,
"Uncle Abe am de man for me."

When dey march'd us down to Washington,
Dare Honest Abe I see,
He made a speech, and said, boys, go,
"Your cause is Liberty."
O white folks, &c.

Dat's what dem darkies want so bad,
 Dat libs in slavery,
 I tink dey'll get it very soon,
 "Uncle Abe am de man for me."
 O white folks, &c.

Jeff Davis down in Dixie am,
 But he won't long dare be,
 Some day or odder he will swing
 'Pon dat sour apple tree.
 O white folks, &c.

Abram am de man for me,
 And's a candidate agin,
 De white folks say now, in deir songs,
 Dey're gwine to 'lect him in.
 O white folks, &c.

YE MEN OF '60.

AIR.—*Rosin the Bow.*

We want you again, men of '60,
 Who rallied round Abram so true,
 We want both your hearts and your voices,
 Abe's title as chief to renew.
 Abe's title as chief to renew,
 Abe's title as chief to renew,
 We want both your hearts and your voices,
 Abe's title as chief to renew.

Come show the vile traitors our spirit
 Is up again, "*sartain and sure*,"
 And give us a lift for our *Abram*,
 Great *Abram*, the honest and pure.
 Great *Abram*, &c.

Come forth one and all to the battle,
 Determined our *Union* to save,
 And strike for the honest rail-splitter,
 For *Abram* the great and the brave.
 For *Abram*, &c.

We're engaged for the war, and we'll "go it,"
 Don't think that we mean to back out,
 For the flag of our *Union* is flying,
 And "*Lincoln and Johnson*" we'll shout.
 For *Lincoln and Johnson*, &c.

Come 'rouse *Union* men to your duty,
 Sure nobly you did it before,
 There's eleven good planks in our platform,
 And another great triumph in store.
 And another, &c.

THAT'S TRUE.

AIR.—*That's So.*

We've had enough of party rule,
 That's true, that's true,
 We'll no longer be its tool,
 That's all true;

Our Union we have now in hand,

That's true, that's true,

And Father Abram has command,

That's all true.

That is true, my friends,

That is true, my friends,

That is true, my friends,

That's all true.

At Baltimore they did agree,

That's true, &c.

To make him 'gain our nominee,

That's all true;

The times require just such a man,

That's true, &c.

Whose aim's to crush foul treason's clan,

That's all true.

That is true, &c.

For Union, Liberty, and Right,

That's true, &c.

In the coming conflict we will fight,

That's all true;

With Abram Lincoln at our head,

That's true, &c.

To victory we'll soon be led,

That's all true.

That is true, &c.

We've Abe and Andy on the track,

That's true, &c.

And 'pon them we will not go back,

That's all true;

I'll bet you, boys, if they're alive,

That's true, &c.

They'll take their seats in "Sixty-five,"

That's all true.

That is true, &c.

ADVANCE, BOYS, ADVANCE.

AIR.—Boatmen Dance.

Election day is coming fast,

Again our flag's nailed to the mast,

Again old Abe is in the field,

And a verdict in his favor's seal'd.

Advance, boys, advance,

Advance, boys, advance,

Fight for our cause, our Union's laws,

And 'twill be all right in the morning.

Hi! ho! let traitors know

For Abe and Andy we all go,

Hi! ho! let traitors know

For Abe and Andy we all go.

The Copperhead's a sneakin' snake,

But Uncle Abe is wide awake,

He'll soon turn off their hissing gas,

And bring 'em out of that 'ere grass.

Advance, boys, advance, &c.

There's John C. F., the wooly horse,
 He'll wish he had not took the course,
 For Uncle Abe his whip will crack,
 And run old Mustang off the track.
 Advance, boys, advance, &c.

No Copperhead or Secesh foe,
 Can ever to the White House go;
 November next will tell the tale,
 By telegraph, and not the mail.

Advance, boys, advance, &c.

We love an honest Democrat,
 And Andy Johnson is all that,
 As a reward for loyalty,
 We'll make him Abram's Vice, d'ye see.

Advance, boys, advance, &c.

DE UNION'S DE BEST ROAD TO TRABBEL.

AIR.—*Other side ob Jordan.*

I'll sing a little song, 'case de 'lection's comin' 'long,
 And I've seberal things I'd like to say a word on,
 Den listen if you like, and for de Union strike,
 For dere's trouble 'mong de emigrants for Jordan.
 Den gird on your armor and fall right in de ranks,
 De Union's de best road to trabbel,
 Den gird on your armor and fall right in de ranks,
 De Union am de best road to trabbel, I believe.

Secesh used to *larrup* niggers, long 'fore dey pull de trigger,

And buy and sell deir ebony stock accordin',

Now, Cæsar, Cuff, and Clem, de niggers, "*larrup*" dem,

When dey kotch em on de odder side ob Jordan.

Den gird on your armor, &c.

Jeff Davis tink he's smart, but he's traitor, head and heart,

And carries sin, too, a very heavy burden,

But we're bound to fotch him, too, Father Abram says its true,

He's de biggest rascal on de udder side ob Jordan.

Den gird on your armor, &c.

De 'lection's comin' soon, put your voices all in tune,

And shout for Uncle Abe accordin',

In de Presidential chair, dey're gwine to kēep him dere,

And send his foes to de odder side ob Jordan.

Den gird on your armor, &c.

Dere's de Copperheads, through sympathy dey're led,

And use treas'nable language accordin',

But in November ob dis year, we'll stop deir vile career,

And send 'em to de udder side ob Jordan.

Den gird on your armor, &c.

De Fremont wooly horse is 'gain upon de course,

But he'll wish dat he had kept his sword on,

To reach de White House door, he tried it once before,

But we'll leab him in de background for Jordan.

Den gird on your armor, &c.

COME ROUSE YE, FREEMEN.*AIR.—Patrick Casey.*

Come rouse ye, freemen, from your sleep,
And listen to my lay, sirs ;
From behind the curtains take a peep,
'Twill soon be 'lection day, sirs.
Let's buckle on our armor strong,
And fight up for our cause, sirs,
Let the Union be our rally song,
The Constitution and its laws, sirs.
Then for the Union shout aloud,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, now,
Come join us, friends, and swell the crowd,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, now.

Spurn sympathizing Copperheads,
And all arm'd traitors, too, sirs,
Come rally round our loyal flag,
The Red, the White, and Blue, sirs.
For Honest Abe, the people's man,
Who occupies the chair, sirs,
Where Washington and Jackson sat,
Let's vote to keep him there, sirs.
Then for the Union, &c.

As President he's just the stripe,
Who will not yield to party,
Now that's the man of our choice,
Support him we will hearty.

Then 'pon our banners let's inscribe
The names of Abe and Andy,
For they're the only candidates
Of Yankee Doodle Dandy.
Then for the Union, &c.

Come, loyal men, from North and South
And East and West, unite, sirs,
In harness all together pull,
And things will turn up right, sirs.
Vile Rebeldom soon out will play,
For we are up to fightin' ;
Our officers are bold and brave,
And with our boys go right in.
Then for the Union, &c.

COME, GATHER ROUND.

BY CHARLES GITHENS, ESQ.

AIR—*Dearest May.*

Come, gather round me, freemen, some truths I will
relate,
Of honest Abe Lincoln, the People's candidate ;
A man that's fit to guide the helm of our good ship of
State—
With pure and noble Johnson, a good and worthy mate.
Hurrah, hurrah ! for honest Abe, hurrah !
Hark ! how the shout
Of the free rings out,
And swells from shore to shore.

Sprung from the race of yeomen, their country's boast
and pride,
His stalwart form has braved the storms that lash the
mountain's side ;
His manly forehead dripping with the sweat of honest
toil,
And side by side he labor'd with the tillers of the soil.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

At eve, from toil returning, nought could his ardor
damp ;
To pour o'er Learning's mysteries, he trims the mid-
night lamp :
The syren-voice of pleasure could not his youth en-
thrall,
No fetters bind the daring mind, no obstacles appall.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Thus nobly has he struggled, and bravely bore the
strife,
And proudly has he conquer'd in the battle-field of life.
From every hill and valley the trumpet-voice of Fame
Rings out in loudest, clearest notes, our leader's spot-
less name.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Come, freemen, join the chorus, raise high the swell-
ing notes ;
Like freemen give your suffrages, for Lincoln cast your
votes.
Let your rally cry be UNION ! in the coming fight,
And victory'll be ours, and 'pon the side of right.
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

CAMPAIGN HALLELUJAH.

AIR—Glory Hallelujah.

Fall in the ranks, men, and make ye this our song ;
Fall in the ranks, men, and help our cause along ;
Fall in the ranks, men, we're gath'ring mighty strong,
For our chieftain, Abraham.

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

Glory, glory, hallelujah !

We are Lincoln and Johnson men.

Clothed in the robes of Freedom, united we will stand,
Yes, in the robes of Freedom, united for our land ;
Clothed in the robes of Freedom, marching hand in
hand,

For our chieftain, Abraham.

Glory, glory, &c.

Our Union, our Union ! Be this the battle cry ;
For our Union, our Union, we'll conquer or we'll die ;
Our Union, our Union, with our banner waving high,
And our chieftain, Abraham.

Glory, glory, &c.

Wheel ye into line, boys, fearing not the fight ;
Wheel ye into line boys, for justice and for right ;
Wheel ye into line, boys, with main as well as might.
For our chieftain, Abraham.

Glory, glory, &c.

In ABE L.'s hands, you'll own now, is Columbia's ship
of state,
In ABE L.'s hands, you'll own now, is our Union ever
great ;
In ABE L.'s hands, you'll own now, we'll years too
trust it, eight,
With our chieftain, Abraham.
Glory, glory, &c.

WE'LL STAND BY THE UNION FOR EVER.

We'll sing you a song that you'll like very well,
Hurrah for the Union for ever !
So join in the chorus, and we'll make it tell,
For we'll stand by the Union for ever.
Now full shall the ranks of the Union men swell,
And of deeds for our country her story shall tell.
Our honest old chief, boys, none can excel :
Then shout, " Lincoln and Union for ever !"

Secesh sympathizers have a long time tried
To keep up a discordant fever ;
But back to Salt River we'll give them a ride,
For we'll stand by the Union for ever.
Now full, &c.

They try with such rubbish our optics to dim ;
But that game can succeed with us never:
They had best simmer down, for their chances are slim,
For we'll stand by the Union for ever.
Now full, &c.

Awake then, awake then, awake;
 Awake then, awake then,—
 Awake, awake, awake, awake, awake;
 Ho, ho, ho, ho, ho!
 Come, freemen, arouse, &c.

Now is the time! for our laws and our land
 Each freeman his ballot prepare;
 Let's proclaim in one voice—"Honest Abe is our
 choice,"

As our flag we run high in the air.
 Awake then, awake then, awake;
 Awake then, awake then,—
 Awake, awake, awake, awake, awake;
 Ho, ho, ho ho, ho!
 Come, freemen, arouse, &c.

HONEST ABE LINCOLN.

AIR—Sittin' on a rail.

At Washington, both wise and great,
 One there guides our Ship of State,
 Whom freemen now, with hearts elate,
 Are shouting loudly for,
 Are shouting loudly for,
 Are shouting loudly for,
 Are shouting loudly for,
 'Tis honest Abe Lincoln.

Of honest men, both good and true,
He's one among the chosen few,
And our chief he'll be anew,
 This same man, Abe Lincoln,
 This same man, Abe Lincoln,
 This same man, Abe Lincoln,
 This same man, Abe Lincoln,
 Our faithful President.

The patriot's hope, the traitor's fear,
Will mark the cause of victory here;
Then rejoice, and fondly cheer
 The name of Abe Lincoln,
 Honest Abe Lincoln,
 Honest Abe Lincoln,
 Honest Abe Lincoln,
 Again the people's choice.

Now freemen join, and catch the strain
That rises from the hill and plain,
Declare Old Abe our chief again
 For another good four years,
 For another good four years,
 For another good four years,
 For another good four years,
 And we'll say, Amen to that.

Our cause is our country's, and conquer we must,
And traitors our Stars shall ne'er sever ;
But the rag of Secession we'll trail in the dust,
And we'll stand by the Union for ever.
Now full, &c.

TO VICT'RY MARCH WE ON.

AIR—*Glory Hallelujah.*

Roll along the ball, boys, for the coming fray,
Roll along the ball, boys, 'twill soon be 'lection day,
Roll along the ball, boys, and let us clear the way,
As we are marching on.
Glory, glory to our Lincoln,
Glory, glory to our Johnson,
Glory, glory to our Union,
To vict'ry march we on.

Fear ye not, defeat, boys, our cause is just and right ;
Fear ye not defeat, boys, but rally in your might ;
Fear ye not defeat, boys, but nobly brave the fight,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, &c.

Stand ye by the chief, boys, he has stood by you,
Stand by our chief, boys, for we have proved him true,
Stand by our chief, boys, and the noble Johnson, too,
As we go marching on.
Glory, glory, &c.

Give warning to our foes, boys, give warning to them
all;

Give warning to our foes, boys, they are bound to fall;

Give warning to our foes, boys, that we've the Union
ball,

And to victory 'll soon march on.

Glory, glory, &c.

Three cheers for Father Abram, the leader of our van,

Three for Andy Johnson, he's of our clan,

Three, too, for our Union, shout it every man,

As we go marching on.

Glory, glory, &c.

AIN'T I GLAD?

AIR—Out of the Wilderness.

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Have you heard the nominations,

Nominations, nominations,

Made to save from desecration

Our Union and its laws.

Ain't I glad that I'm for the Union,

I'm for the Union, I'm for the Union,

Ain't I glad that I'm for the Union,

And the flag of liberty.

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Uncle Abe again's our nominee,

Our nominee, our nominee;

For four years more our chief he'll be,

And Uncle Sam's head man.

Ain't I glad, &c.

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Of Tennessee there's Johnson, too,

There's Johnson, too, there's Johnson, too,

Who by our Union stood so true,

We're going to make him Vice.

Ain't I glad, &c.

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

The wisest men throughout the nation,

Throughout the nation, 'out the nation,

Are with us in our declaration,

To sustain our laws.

Ain't I glad, &c.

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Rally, boys, oh, do! Rally, boys, oh, do!

Mind the time, 'tis next November,

Next November, next November,

Lincoln and Johnson then remember,

And victory is ours.

Ain't I glad, &c.

HURRAH, HURRAH, HURRAH!

AIR—The Hurrah Song.

Now honest Abe's again our choice,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We're for him heart and soul and voice,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We know him true, for we have tried;
He's just the man our ship to guide,
With loyal Andy by his side,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

We'll give our foes some awful knocks,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
When we go to the ballot-box,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
The Copperheads will have no show,
Old Wooly Horse will prove too slow,
November next will tell 'em so,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Bring out the fife, bring out the drum,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
And play till that great day has come,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
'Twill be all right, boys, never fear,
We'll all fall in, from far and near,
Then Abe and Andy's names you'll hear,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Our loyalty no one can doubt,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
We're for the Union, out and out,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
For Lincoln and for Johnson, too,
We'll hoist the red, the white, the blue,
And stick to them, we will, like glue,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

OUR CANDIDATE.

AIR—*Hurrah, hurrah!*

For Honest Abe, our Candidate,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
'Tis his again, the Chair of State,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our Union Team in Sixty-five,
I'll bet you, boys, again he'll drive,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Now, boys, from duty don't you shirk,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
But next November do your work,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
You'll find we've foes, too, at the polls
But let us drive them to their holes,
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

Up for the conflict in your might,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Our foes are wrong, and we are right,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Well Uncle Abe, you know, we've tried,
And with him now are satisfied,
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

With Andy Johnson for his mate,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
No fear then of our Ship of State,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!
Clap, clap your hands, swell high your notes,
And Abe and Andy give your votes,
Hurrah, hurrah, &c.

COME, FREEMEN, AROUSE.

AIR—Come, Brothers, Arouse.

Come, Freemen, arouse, awake from your rest,
Let's muster our forces and fly,
Come North and come South, come East and come
West,
For our Union let's conquer or die;
For our Union let's conquer or die.

Our fathers of old by their blood made it free,
And shall we not shield it with care?
Yes! round our broad banner, proud liberty's tree,
We'll preserve it as bright and as fair.

WAKE UP, FREEMEN.*AIR—The Cracovienne.*

Ye voters all throughout the land
For Abram Lincoln nobly stand.
Yes, Abram Lincoln is our choice,
In him all honest men rejoice.

Wake up, Freeman, come along,
For Uncle Abe we go it strong.
Wake up, freemen, come along,
For Uncle Abe we go it strong.

Now Freedom raps at every door,
As once she did, in days of yore ;
And all her sons she bids arise,
Now, where's the wretch who'd shun her cries ?
Wake up, &c.

In every house there is a man,
For every man, a vote, to fan
The glorious fire of Freedom on ;
Then up, before that fire is gone.
Wake up, &c.

On each man's vote hangs every right
Of peace, or comfort and delight ;
On each man hangs his freedom fair ;
Then let him hang back, if he dare.
Wake up, &c.

Each vote given at this time
Is for our country—Freedom's clime.
Each vote given—let it say
Uncle Abe and Andy J.
Wake up, &c.

WHO'LL NOT VOTE FOR ABRAM NOW.

AIR.—Who will care for Mother now.

Rouse ye, Freemen, from your slumbers,
And prepare ye for the fight,
Let your rally cry be Union,
Lincoln, Johnson, Law and Right.
Rally in the cause of Freedom,
Rally as you best know how,
Let your song be this while marching,
“Who'll not vote for Abram now?”
Soon the 'lection will be coming,
Freemen, answer then, wilt thou?
O, tell me, tell me truly,
“Who'll not vote for Abram now?”

O'er our nation he presides well,
Chosen by a people free,
And our duty 'tis to aid him,
Against all foes of Liberty.

The salvation of our Union,
He but aims at, I avow;
Tell me, Freemen, tell me truly,
"Who'll not vote for Abram now?"
Soon the 'lection, &c.

We have vowed now to retain him,
And upon Loyal hearts here call;
Shout ye for our *AbeL* leader,
As we roll along the ball.
Honest, capable, and faithful,
Mark ye all this 'pon his brow;
Tell me, Freemen, tell me truly,
"Who'll not vote for Abram now?"
Soon the 'lection, &c.

WHEN ELECTION DAY IS OVER.

AIR—*When this cruel war is over.*

Freemen, hark! 'tis next November,
When we again shall meet
At the ballot-box of freedom,
Knowing not defeat.
Proudly with our banner o'er us,
There will we renew
Our devotion to our country
And Lincoln, the true.

Lincoln, Lincoln, ever
Shout o'er land and main;
Vowing—when election day is over—
Abram is our chief again.

With our spangled banner flying
O'er our loyal throng,
On we'll march, the foe defying,
Making this our song:
"The salvation of our Union
Seek we, Freedom's sons,
And 'No compromise with traitors'
But with Union guns."
Lincoln, Lincoln ever, &c.

Then for Lincoln and for Johnson
Vote ye on that day;
Sure, 'tis but a freeman's duty
Freedom to obey.
Our cause remember 's liberty,
Right and justice, too,
Our Union and our starry flag,
The red, white, and blue.
Lincoln, Lincoln ever, &c.

THE TAX-PAYER'S GUIDE.

A book for everybody—a work that everybody needs. Under our present system of Taxation, no business escapes, and every person should have a book of reference by him, to save time in knowing exactly what to do under all circumstances, and avoid the penalties of transgressing the law.

This work is divided into three sections or parts, for easy reference. First we have—

THE EXCISE TAX.

This includes *Manufactured Articles* of all kinds—explains what are to be considered Manufactured Articles, and the amount to be paid upon each—also the duties upon *Incomes* and the *Sources of Incomes*—all arranged in *Alphabetical Order*, so that each can be found in a moment's time. Next we have—

THE LICENSE TAX.

This shows what business has to be licensed, and just what has to be paid on each, and is also arranged Alphabetically. Lastly we have—

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